

Displacement

Lady Esme de Fraliene, disappeared mysteriously weeks before she was to be wed. Her would-be husband - a prince, no less - had ordered a manhunt for Lady Esme, though the young woman was never found or seen again. An interesting medieval tale turned legend.

The woman, historical sources claimed, was the most beautiful in all the world. So beautiful that, even though she was the daughter of a minor noble, Esme caught the eyes of princes and kings alike. A true madonna, the stories said.

Most interesting of all was the way Esme de Fraliene vanished.

One moment, she'd been there - surrounded by servants and the like - and the next she was gone. She'd simply *disappeared*.

That caught my eye.

A beautiful woman popping out of existence. What else could it have been?

I did what anyone in my shoes would have done - I opened up a history book and read. And then I read another. I searched through records; historic letters, eyewitness accounts, anything at all I could find about the young Lady.

After weeks of sifting through nothing, I was certain I'd been mistaken - that it hadn't been what I'd thought. I was about to end my information gathering. And then I found Lady Esme de Fraliene's tombstone.

"Swept away by almighty God in a rainbow of light."

Roughly translated, that's what the tombstone had to say about Esme's disappearance.

A rainbow of light.

That was it. That was all the proof I needed.

Son of a bitch. I'd actually done it.

Or, at least, I was going to.

I'm an inventor. I create things. I tinker. And I am, if I do say so myself, very good at it.

Too good.

A few years back, I was working on something I like to call a 'Matter Displacement Engine'. A device that could be used to transport material around the world in a heartbeat. All you needed was the location - the exact coordinates - of the thing you wanted to transport and, hey-presto, it was yours.

Anything, from anywhere in the world, and you could 'displace' it and make it materialise right in front of you. And it worked! The machine actually worked!

Tested and fully functioning. It worked and it worked well.

Too well, unfortunately.

How can a machine that transfers items anywhere in the world to your current location work *too well*, I hear you ask. Well, that's very simple.

You see, the Matter Displacement Engine isn't just able to displace items from anywhere. It's able to displace items from *anywhen*.

Basically, it allows for one-way time-travel from the past.

Not exactly something I could sell on the mass-market without issue, is it?

I'd put the machine away in storage a long time ago. Never to be used again, I thought.

And then I heard the story of Lady Esme. The most beautiful woman who ever lived, who vanished in a flash of multi-coloured light - a visual artefact of the displacement process.

Esme hadn't vanished. She'd been abducted through time. By me.

Only I hadn't done it yet.

I powered on my machine, pointed it at an empty space in my large workshop. The sound

of mechanical whirring filled the room, quiet and first, then louder - gaining energy.

The air in front of me began to fizz, blur. Rivulets of colour cut through the air. Reds and blues and greens, purple and pink and yellow and orange. Then my vision filled with white. A bright, blinding flash of light.

Followed immediately by a feminine yelp.

As my vision returned, my eyes fell on what was undoubtedly the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen.

Lady Esme de Fraliene was everything the stories said she was, and much, much more.

Soft, flowing hair. It was brown, though if you asked me what shade of brown, I wouldn't be able to answer. It seemed every shade - from near blonde to almost midnight black - was present in Esme's hair as it fell down her shoulders. Her skin was a pale white, unblemished and pristine. Her eyes were an icy pale blue, sharp and intelligent.

The woman was, unsurprisingly, wearing something out of a history book. A blue corset which revealed her thin waist while also pushing her voluptuous breasts up and outwards. Her dress, while modest, showed enough cleavage to catch the eye. Around her neck was a single, gem-encrusted pendant.

I stared at her in wonder.

She wasn't wearing any make up. No eyeliner to bring out her beautiful eyes, no lipstick to draw attention to her full lips. No make up at all, and yet she still looked absolutely perfect. Her eyes drew attention to themselves with their sheer beauty, her lips and defined cheek-bones, everything about her was utter visual perfection.

Then Esme's eyes fell on me. They widened, morphing from surprise and confusion to shock and alarm.

She took a step back, mouth dropping open, and screamed.

In retrospect, wearing an industrial-grade hazmat suit probably hadn't been the best idea.

Still, it made for a fun ice-breaking conversation topic after Esme finally stopped screaming, praying and trying to 'banish' the 'demon before her' back to hell in God's name. Good thing I decided to learn medieval French before dragging poor Lady Esme to modern times, or I'd probably have never convinced her to stop making such a fuss.

Once she'd calmed down enough that she wasn't actively trying to curse me 'back to hell' any more, I explained to her what was going on.

"I'm a wizard," I told her in ye olde French. And went on to tell her all about how I'd cast a magical spell to summon her to me, that she might be my bride. At which point, she started screaming and cursing me again. Go figure.

Suffice to say, she calmed down considerably when I told her how wealthy and powerful I was.

Women in the middle ages - noble women especially - had little say in their lives. They married who the patriarch of their family told them to, hoping and praying that their husband would be a man of means. Girls like Esme dreamed of wealthy, influential men.

All I needed to do was convince her that I was exactly that.

No problem.

I escorted Esme through my miniature mansion, pointing out artworks and allowing her to stare in wide-wonder at the lavish splendour on display.

We take a lot of things for granted that our medieval ancestors would have found unbelievable, impossible. Take the carpets of my home. A simple, cheap aspect of modern life. Something below notice most of the time. To Esme, the carpets that floored near every room in my mansion were magical, stupidly expensive. Beyond anything she'd ever seen before.

When I showed her the bedroom she'd be staying in, Esme's eyes bulged in shock

and awe. The bed was huge, fit for a king, with silk bedsheets and a feather-stuffed pillow. Interestingly, the thing that blew Esme away most was the room's colouring.

The walls were a bright white, with thick violet curtains. A fake-gold chandelier hung from the ceiling, glowing with 'magical' light. The bed sheets were a deep, rich purple, matching the purple carpet. Expensive hard-wood cabinets and trunks and dressers lined one wall, with a full-body mirror reflecting Esme's stunned expression.

"It can't be," my beautiful guest breathed. "It isn't possible."

Purple, in case you didn't know, used to be a sign of great wealth. Purple dye was rare and expensive to import, thus showing anything coloured purple was a sign of status and prestige and great wealth.

"This is your room," I told Esme. "Make yourself at home. I'll come get you when our dinner is ready."

Within a week, I had the beautiful Lady de Fraliene gushing over me, practically bending over backwards to please me.

It wasn't long after that I had her bending forwards for me also. Spreading her legs, wanting nothing more than to be my personal concubine.

The woman's beauty was unreal. Unlike anything I'd ever seen before. And she was all mine.

I walked into my new concubine's room, eyed her up and down.

She was wearing one of the outfits I'd bought for her. A soft pink bodice with a long cut down its middle, exposing Esme's cleavage right down to her belly button. A single strained strap held the two chest cups - and Esme's breasts - together. A knee-length skirt fanned out at her hips, frilly and cute, with white stocking revealing her shapely legs underneath. A single pink ribbon held Esme's long hair back, causing it to flow in waves down her back.

The outfit was, if I so say so myself, a perfect fit for the woman. It looked historical enough that it didn't betray who Esme was, but with a modern, sexy twist. The perfect dress for my guest from ages past.

As I stepped forward, Esme looked over at me, a smile spreading her lips.

"Master!" She said brightly, enthusiastic.

The word wasn't a playful sexual thing. She wasn't *acting*. As far as Esme was concerned, I was the her master. The lord of the house. Her patriarch.

"Time for another lesson," I told the beauty. I didn't need to say anything more.

Esme climbed onto her bed, limbs sprawling out luxuriously.

Breathtakingly beautiful. And all mine.

I began tugging my clothes off, tossing them aside. Esme blushed, resisted the urge to look away. Not so long ago, she'd been as shy and innocent in bed as you'd expect of a young, unmarried medieval woman.

She'd thought sex was a duty. A task to be endured, not enjoyed.

And then she'd had the fortune of meeting me.

The woman's sexual awakening had begun with her first toe-curling orgasm. Now it was just a matter of satisfying her newfound desires. A burden I was more than willing to bear.

I climbed onto the bed, took hold of my concubine's legs, lifting them up and spreading them apart. I could feel Esme trembling beneath me. Not with fear this time, but with sheer sexual excitement.

As her legs moved, so did her skirt - bunching up around her waist to reveal the panties underneath.

I reached forward, grasped the cloth of her stockings over Esme's crotch, pulled hard. The thin, delicate fabric tore audibly. Esme gasped, blushed brighter.

Next, I tugged on her panties, relishing in the sight as the cloth peeled away from

her wet pussy. I pushed it aside, trailed my fingers along her wet lips. As with the rest of her, Esme's pussy was utter perfection. Cute to look at, soft and smooth and beautiful. Until Esme, I'd never seen a pussy I'd considered pretty before.

"Master," Esme gasped. She shifted underneath me, her body moving slightly closer - her crotch inching towards my cock.

I could feel her desperation and desire, the warmth and heat radiating off her. She wanted me inside her. Just a few weeks ago, she'd been terrified at the prospect. Now she was actively trying to make it happen, trying to tempt me into fucking her.

And how could I resist?

As I pressed my cock to her opening, began pushing forward against her unbelievable tightness, Esme shuddered, moaned. Her face contorted in pleasure, a brilliant smile spreading her lips.

"Yes," she gasped. "Master, yes!"

With a quick swipe of my hand, the single strap holding the front of her bodice together came undone. Two huge breasts burst free, surprisingly firm, bouncing along with the motion of my thrusts.

History. Never was a great fan of it, personally. I always wanted to be an inventor. Why look to the past when you're tasked with building the future. Still, I'd certainly come to appreciate what the past had to offer with Esme.

Hell, I felt like I might be acquiring a taste for beautiful women plucked out of history. Like vintage wine, only far more fun to taste.

An interesting thing about women of history: A lot of them, particularly the renowned beauties, had a suspicious habit of going missing. A common factor in their disappearances, it seemed, was a rainbow of light and dancing colours.

Very interesting indeed.

Like this one sister of a Roman patrician. Beautiful, exotic, caught the eyes of an emperor. Vanished without a trace.

Latin. Looked like Latin was the next language I had to learn.

Still, if this Roman minx was anything like Esme...

Well, let's just say she'd enjoy the twenty-first century very much indeed.